My Style of Writing

As I sit down to begin my story, my thoughts swirl around my mind, much

like the waves of the ocean. Waves seem to be making progress. Unfortunately each time

an ideas starts to look like a hopeful they gets pulled back out to to sea and lost

again.

Just when all seems lost one little blue pebble fights it’s way through

the current and lands on a spot of creamy white sand. The pebble does not

have to wait a long time before being pickup by an old lady stumbling

down the beach with a wicker basket. The pebble now finds itself in this

basket surrounded by other little pebbles. My thoughts are finally starting to

gather up and are ready to be put on paper.

The old lady places every individual pebble in a shallow wooden box. Each little

pebble is placed meticulously on it’s designated spot. Every little pebble except for the

lonely little blue pebble left in the basket. All the work it took the poor little pebble to

get past the waves, just to be forgotten at the bottom of a wicker basket. On the bright

side it was a very nicely decorated basket smelling of potpourri, not the worst place to

be forgotten. By chance the old lady happens to to look into the basket at the blue pebble

and decides that is just the one she needs and places the no longer lonely pebble in it’s

very own spot. Finishing touches and Forgotten items are added to my work.

Once the old lady has everything just right with no missing pieces. Now it’s

finally time to pour the cement. She pours the cement with soft wrinkled hands with just

enough care. One last look and she sets the hole box to dry. Print.

When I turn my paper in, my only personal requirement is that I feel just as content as the little blue pebble feels in it’s rightful place in the center of the old lady’s beautiful mosaic.